

# PUNCH

## COMICS

NO. 15  
10¢

MEET A CHILLER IN  
WORLD'S  
9  
SCARIEST





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

# Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!



A  
SMART  
TIE BY DAY



IT'S NOVEL,  
DIFFERENT  
BARRELS  
OF FUN!

AT  
NIGHT  
A MAGIC  
TIE



BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK  
TIE . . . BY NIGHT, A CALL  
TO LOVE IN GLOWING  
WORDS!



MEN . . . BOYS . . . Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark—it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly! It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

## SEND NO MONEY!

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it taste-fully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay \$2.00 or even \$3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special **INTRODUCTORY OFFER**, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking **GLOW IN THE DARK** sensation for only \$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your **GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE**, you simply pay postman \$1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

## MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

**GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.**

215 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 311-K, Chicago 1, Illinois

Rush me my **KISS ME NECKTIE** that glows in the dark. I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

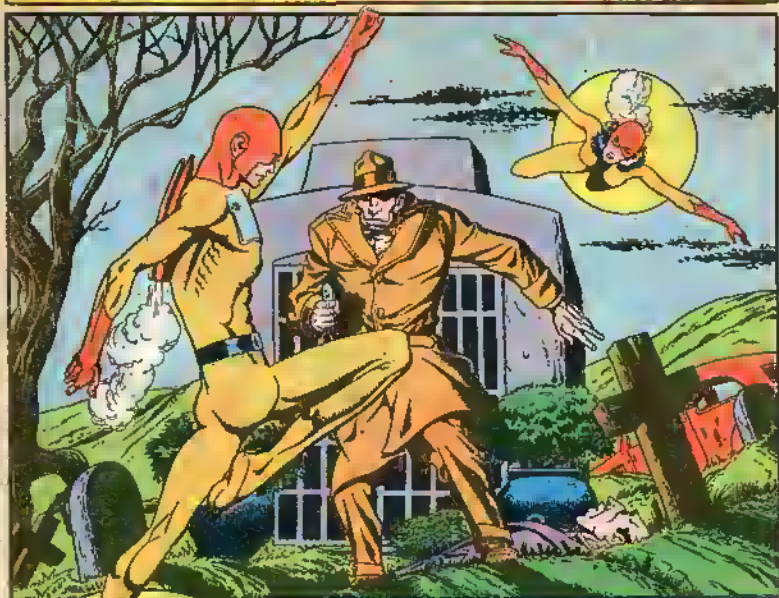
If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$4.22, check here ☐

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

# ROCKETMAN



**A** clever  
conspiracy  
cast disgrace

upon the criminal  
court and a chuckling  
killer was loosed to prey  
again upon honest citizens.  
Evidence furnished by  
Rocketman had brought  
the killer to trial, so Cal  
Martin and his legal  
secretary knew that they  
would have to take all  
risks to even the score  
for justice!

**A** blue ribbon jury reaches  
its verdict in the trial of  
the State vs Herman  
"Blackie" Dahl —

YOU SURE THAT  
JUROR HELD  
OUT FOR MY  
ACQUITTAL,  
REX?

SHHH—  
BLACKIE! IT'S  
IN THE BAG—BUT  
HE'LL SQUAWK  
IF YOU DON'T RAISE  
TEN GRAND BY  
MIDNIGHT!

**Among the tense spectators  
are Cal Martin and  
Doris Dalton —**

BLACKIE LOOKS  
TOO CONFIDENT,  
CAL—FOR A MAN  
ABOUT TO BE  
PRONOUNCED  
GUILTY OF FIRST  
DEGREE MURDER!

BUT THE  
EVIDENCE  
WE GAVE THE  
D.A. MADE AN  
"IRONCLAD"  
CASE. QUIET—  
THE JURY'S  
FILING  
BACK IN!







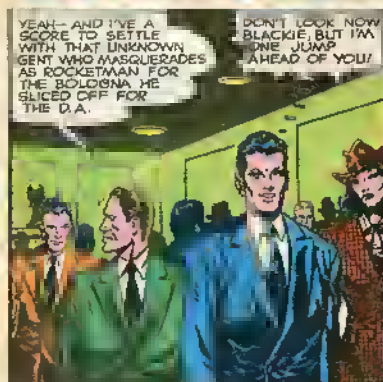
GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY-- HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR. WE FIND THE DEFENDANT, HERMAN DAHL-- **NOT GUILTY!**



**I'M FREE! I OWE YOU MY LIFE, REX!**

I'LL SETTLE FOR THE FEE-- AND, UH-- DON'T FORGET THAT OTHER DEBT THAT'S DUE BY MIDNIGHT!



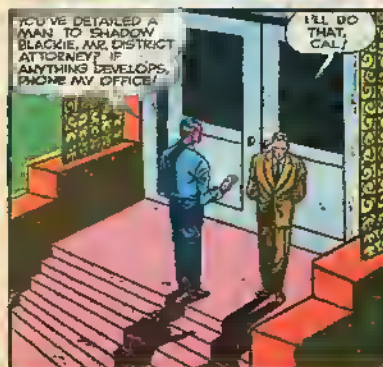
YEAH-- AND I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT UNKNOWN GENT WHO MASQUERADES AS ROCKETMAN FOR THE BOLOGNA HE SLICED OFF FOR THE D.A.

DON'T LOOK NOW, BLACKIE, BUT I'M ONE JUMP AHEAD OF YOU!



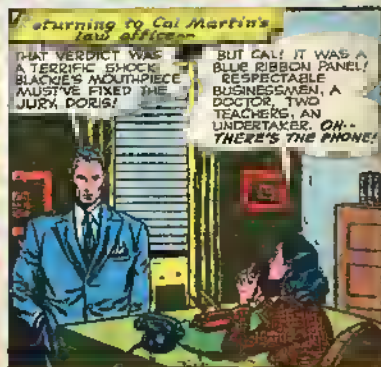
SO! YOU WERE JUST AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER WHEN YOUR PALS AND THE ARMORED CAR GUARDS WERE KILLING OFF EACH OTHER? **BUT WHO COPPED THAT BIG PAYROLL?**

WHY, I AIN'T GOT THE FAINTEST IDEA, CHUM!



YOU'VE DETAINED A MAN TO SHADOW BLACKIE, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY? IF ANYTHING DEVELOPS, PHONE MY OFFICE!

I'LL DO THAT, CAL!

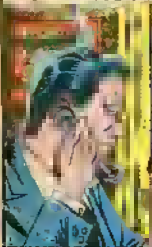


Returning to Cal Martin's law office--

THAT VERDICT WAS A TERRIFIC SHOCK! BLACKIE'S MOUTHPIECE MUST'VE FIXED THE JURY, DORIS!

BUT CAL! IT WAS A BLUE RIBBON PANEL! RESPECTABLE BUSINESSMEN, A DOCTOR, TWO TEACHERS, AN UNDERTAKER. OH-- **THERE'S THE PHONE!**

THE D.A.'S OFFICE?  
GO AHEAD! WHAT?  
BLACKIE SLUGGED  
THE MAN SHADOWING  
HIM! ER--SAY, IS  
THE JURY UNDER  
SURVEILLANCE?  
THEY ARE. GOOD!



-- IT'S  
GETTING  
DARK  
OUTSIDE,  
ROCKETMAN!

WU/CO



And at that moment, the  
dust conceals Blackie's  
movements--

THE D.A. MUST BE  
POSTED THAT GUY OUT  
FRONT TO WATCH THE  
TEACHER'S HOUSE. BUT  
THIS TRICK WILL SAVE  
ME A PILE OF DOUGH!



BAHL--!  
You--  
You--!!

HOWDY, MR.  
ARNOLD! NICE  
EVENING  
AIN'T IT?



YOU WANTED ME TO  
GET THE CHAIR, DIDN'T  
YOU? BUT IT WILL LOOK  
LIKE YOU HELD OUT FOR  
MY ACQUITTAL-- AND  
I PAID YOU OFF  
IN LEAD!



Two minutes after the D.A.'s man  
reports the murder--

HOLD IT, ROCKETGIRL.  
THIS MAY BE A  
TIP ON BLACKIE!

BEWARE ANY  
ANONYMOUS CALLS!  
REMEMBER-- HE'S  
GUNNING FOR YOU!



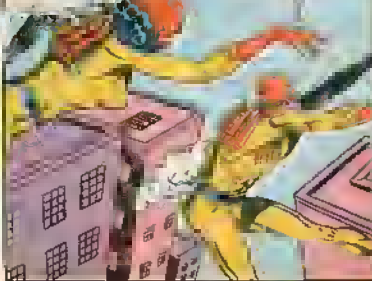
HELLO--YES! ONE OF THE  
JURORS WAS MURDERED.  
ARNOLD, EH, WHO'D HAVE  
SUSPECTED HIM OF  
SWINGING THE JURY  
FOR BLACKIE!



ARNOLD WAS  
HEAVILY IN DEBT!  
A COULD INACTIVE!  
WE DON'T KNOW  
WHETHER BLACKIE  
DID THE JOB OR  
FARMED IT OUT!

THE OTHER JURORS  
WILL BE TOO  
TERRIFIED TO  
TALK NOW!  
WHERE WE  
HEADING?

TO THE LAW  
OFFICE OF  
BLACKIE'S  
MOUTHPIECE!



*But Rockman's quarry arrives first!*

BLACKIE! YOU'RE UP TO YOUR NECK AGAIN WHY'D YOU SLUG THAT COP THEY PUT ON YOUR TRAIL?

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A HEMORRHAGE WHEN I TELL YUH!



I'M GONNA TELL THAT CORPSE BEAUTICIAN I AIN'T SLIPPIN' HIM THE TEN O'S... BECAUSE ARNOLD TOOK THE RAP FOR HIM!

YOU-YOU SCREWBALL! YOU RUBBED OUT THAT TEACHER?!

WAL 21340 L



NO, WAIT! HE'S TIPPING HIS HAND!

HELLO, KOWLES. YEAH--I CAN'T RAISE THE DOUGH BUT YOU'LL BE IN THE CLEAR IF YOU KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT.

YUH WANNA GET YOUR FEE, DON'TCHA, REX? THEN KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! I'LL PHONE YUH TO MEET ME!

HOLD IT, BLACKIE! YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL. THE BULLS WILL BE SEEN 'RED'!



THERE GOES BLACKIE! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ROCKET POWDER TO FOLLOW HIM OUT OF TOWN!



THE MISSING PAYROLL, THE UNDERTAKER ON THE JURY... THINGS ARE STARTING TO ADD UP!



KOWLES SOUNDED QUEER ON THE PHONE. WONDER IF HE WIGED UP AND BEAT ME TO IT!



BACK INTO THE SHADOWS!  
SOMEONE'S COMING  
UP THE PATH!



COME OUT WITH YOUR  
HANDS UP, BLACKIE!

I REMEMBERED TONIGHT  
THAT AFTER THE PATROLL  
STICKUP, YOU CAME TO  
MY FUNERAL PARLOR  
BEFORE ROCKETMAN  
NABBED YOU!



HELLO, KOWLES.

YEAH--I HID THE MONEY  
SACKS UNDER GUS RICKER'S  
CORPSE! KEEN MEMORY  
YOU'VE GOT!!



AN' A MEMORY IS ALL YOU'LL  
BE FROM NOW ON, YOU  
LEECHING GHOUL!  
THIS DOUGH'S MINE!  
ALL MINE!



YEAH, CHERRY? I'VE GOT  
TWO HUNDERT AND THIRTY.  
ONE GRAND HERE, BUT  
BEFORE I HEAD FOR MEXICO,  
I'VE GOT TO KILL ONE  
MORE GUY! ROCKETMAN!



WE'LL MAKE HIM  
PLAY BOTH ENDS  
SO EACH OF US  
WILL GET A  
CRACK AT HIM!

CAREFUL NOW! HE  
MAY HAVE A  
TOMMY GUN  
IN THE CAR!







YOU WON'T HAVE TO  
HUNT FOR ME--  
BLACKIE!



SO, YUH WANNA PLAY TAG  
WITH DEATH, EH, ROCKETMAN?  
TRY IT AGAIN IF  
YOU DARE!



IT'S MY TURN  
NOW--BLACKIE!  
GREETINGS--FROM  
ONE HEEL TO  
ANOTHER!



COME AND GET IT, YUH SNEAKIN'  
STOOL PIGEONS--OR ADMIT THAT  
YOU'RE YELLOW! I AIN'T AFRAID  
TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH YUH!



HEAR THOSE  
POLICE SIRENS?  
SOMEBODY REPORTED  
YOUR SHOOTING HERE!

GIVE OUR  
REGARDS TO  
THE COPS,  
BLACKIE!



WILL YUH LOOK  
WHO'S UP  
THERE,  
MURPHY?

BLACKIE DAHL!  
HE WON'T  
CHEAT THE  
CHAIR THIS TIME



# MASTER KEY

Double trouble dumps a deadly frame-up onto Ray Cardell's doorstep in spite of the fact that his secret, crime-fighting identity as the **Master Key** is still a mysterious enigma to both the police and the gangdom. But with both sides of the law gunning for him, how can the **Master Key's** uncanny X-Ray eye melt the steel jaws of a sure-fire trap?

A sudden hush breaks the gaiety in a swank super club -

WHAT CAN BE WRONG, RAY? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

I DO! CRAWL UNDER THE TABLE, DOLORES!

LOOK OUT! SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT RAY!

YEAH-BECAUSE THEY THINK I'M RUNNING FOR THE COPS! BUT I'M NOT!



KEEP THE PATRONS  
COVERED GYP-  
WHILE ME AND  
BALDY TAKE THEIR  
DONATIONS!

MAKE IT  
SNAPPY,  
WOLF!

THANKS, LADY!  
THAT BRACELET'S  
GOOD FOR  
TWO GRAND!

STEP ON  
IT, PAL!  
WE AIN'T  
GOT ALL  
NIGHT!

Rushing around to the  
front door, Ray Cardell  
claims his hat and  
waits tensely—

YOU BETTER  
DUCK, MISTER!  
THEY'RE COMING  
OUT NOW!

GET ON  
THE FLOOR  
MISS--  
UNLESS YOU  
WANT TO STOP  
A BULLET!

THE MASTER  
KEY! WE'RE  
TRAPPED!

DROP YOUR GUNS  
AND EMPTY THE  
LOOT FROM YOUR  
POCKETS IF YOU  
WANT TO  
STAY HEALTHY!

I GOT HIM-  
GUYS! GRAB  
THAT STUFF  
AND SCRAM!

YOUR PAL DIDN'T  
EVEN WING ME!  
LOOK OUT--OR  
YOUR HAND WILL  
BE BURNED TO  
A CRISP!

OWW!  
THAT  
HEAT'S  
LIKE A  
FURNACE!

THIS WILL COOL  
YOU OFF UNTIL  
THE COPS ARRIVE!

AAAAH  
OH--

THEY  
ESCAPED!  
ARE YOU  
HURT,  
MASTER  
KEY?

ONLY MY  
FEELINGS.  
PHONE THE  
POLICE TO  
PICK UP THE  
GENT I JUST  
KAYOED! I'M  
LEAVING NOW!

ONE OF THEM TOSSED HIS KEYS AWAY WHEN HE EMPTIED HIS POCKETS. NOT MUCH OF A CLUE IN A CITY OF A BILLION LOCKS!



...day after, at a side street hotel—

YOU GUYS ACT LIKE SOMETHING WENT WRONG. **SPILL IT!**

YEAH, BOSS. MASTER KEY GUMMED UP THE JOB. MUST'VE GRABBED GVP, TOO!

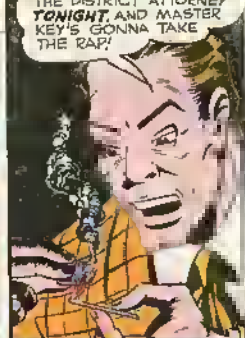


WHY, YOU PIKERS! THAT ALL YOU COULD SNATCH?

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A TOUGH BABY THAT MASTER KEY IS, BOSS! THAT EYE BEAM OF HIS CAN MELT STEEL!

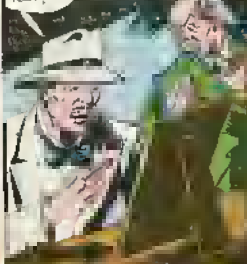


HE'S THROUGH BEING TOUGH, WOLF! I'M GONNA SETTLE MY SCORE WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY TONIGHT, AND MASTER KEY'S GONNA TAKE THE RAP!



SEE BOYS? A LITTLE BURN'T CORK, A FEW LINES IN THE FACE, A MUSTACHE AND A HAT— AND COULDN'T I PASS FOR THE MASTER KEY?

GEE, CLIP, YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE HIM, YOU GIMME THE JITTERS!



SO LONG FOR ANHLE, BOYS! MASTER KEY'S GONNA RUB OUT HIS PAL— THE D.A.!

CLIP— YOU'RE POSITIVELY A GENIUS!



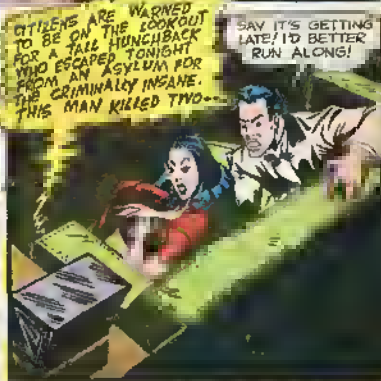
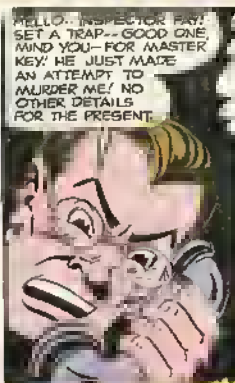
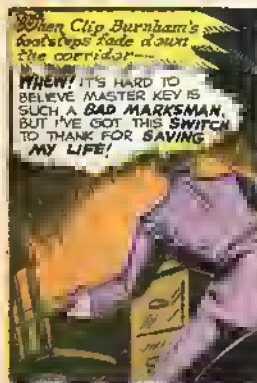
Clip Burnham's disguise gets him by the night watchman and elevator operator at the District Attorney's office—

UH, HELLO, MASTER KEY! CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE WHEN I'M WORKING LATE?

TONIGHT'S YOUR LAST, MY FRIEND!







A HUNCHBACK SHOULDN'T  
BE HARD TO SPOT. I'LL  
DRIFT OVER INTO THE  
ALL-NIGHT LUNCH SECTION



ur blocks up the street. Master Key  
spies a hunched giant  
staring aim

I CAN'T BE THIS LUCKY  
BUT I AM! BUT GIVING  
HIM THE WORKS MAY NOT  
BE SO EASY



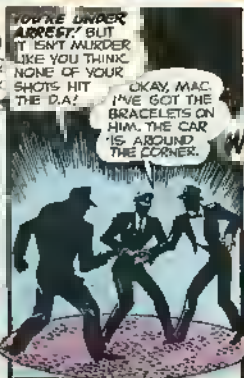
SWITCH OFF THAT  
MAGIC EYE, MASTER  
KEY, OR I'LL SQUEEZE  
THE TRIGGER! TURN  
YOUR BACK TOWARD  
ME WITH YOUR  
HANDS UP!

HEY-WHAT  
KIND OF  
A GAG--?



YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST! BUT  
IT ISN'T MURDER  
LIKE YOU THINK  
NONE OF YOUR  
SHOTS HIT  
THE D.A.

OKAY, MAC  
I'VE GOT THE  
BRACELETS ON  
HIM. THE CAR  
IS AROUND  
THE CORNER.



THIS SWEELS  
TOO MUCH LIKE  
A BAD FRAME-UP.  
I'VE GOT TO TAKE  
A LONG CHANCE!

HEY!  
DON'T  
FLASH  
THAT  
BEAM!



a flash, the X-ray beam ignites  
the police car's as tank!

BA-ROOM!



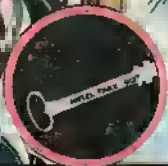
YOU HURT, FRANK?  
UH--WHERE THE  
MASTER KEY?

I'M ASKING YOU!  
LOOK AT MY WRIST!  
BRACELET LINKS  
MELTED. I WONDER  
WHAT INSPECTOR  
FAY WILL TELL US?



Blinding the plainclothes men detectives, Master Key casts his K-ray beam at half strength on his clue to the safe handle.

BEST WAY TO TACKLE THIS FRAME-UP IS TO START AT THE BEGINNING. AH! THE DIE STAMPING WAS FILED FROM THIS KEY, BUT MY BEAM WILL REVEAL THE OBLITERATED NAME!



In fifteen minutes

THE KEY WON'T TURN A NIGHT LATCH, SO I'LL TUMBLE IT WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETISM!

AH-- GOOD EVENING... GENTLEMEN! I TRUST YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ME!

QUICK, CLIP! GRAB THE CHOPPER! MASTER KEY IS HERE!

BOOW! MY EYES! THEY'RE ON FIRE!

DON'T LET THAT GUN GIVE YOU AMBITIONS, BALDY! JUST TAKE IT EASY, YOU'LL LIVE LONGER!

HEY! WHAT'D HE DO? RUN OUT? I'LL CHOP HIM APART IN THE HALL!

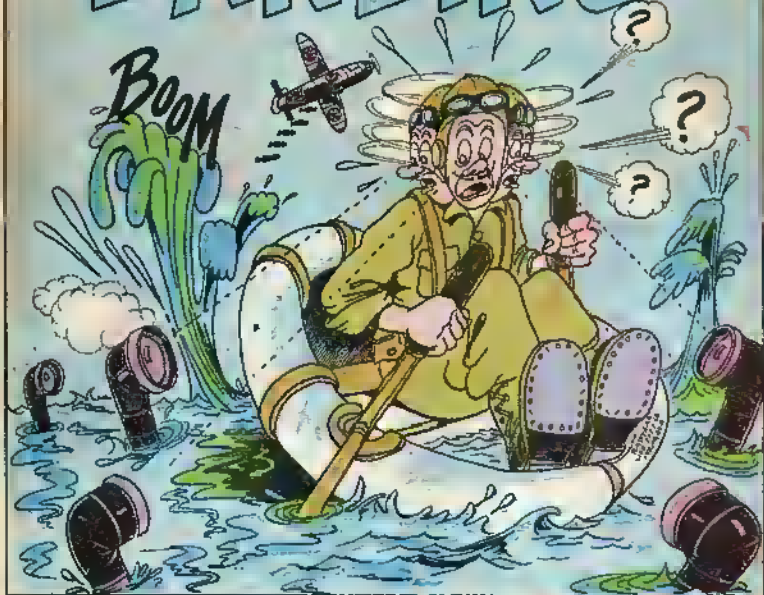
NICE WIDE WINDOW LEDGE OUT THERE, CLIP BURNHAM! NOW DROP THAT MEAT GRINDER AND COME WITH ME!

WHA--? BOOW! MY ARM! STOP!

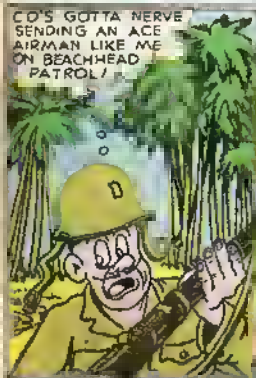
When the D.A. opens his office the next morning

CLIP BURNHAM DISGUISED AS MASTER KEY? OH-HUH--AND I'LL BET MY RIGHT ARM THAT YOU WERE DUMPED HERE BY THE SAME GENT WHO TIPPED THE COPS WHERE TO PICK UP WOLF AND BRADY!

# "HAPPY" LANDING



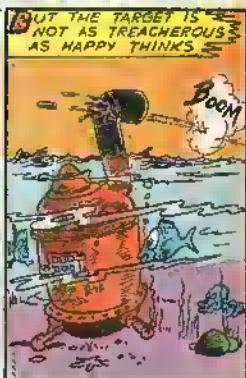
CO'S GOTTA NERVE  
SENDING AN ACE  
AIRMAN LIKE ME  
ON BEACHHEAD  
PATROL!



HOLY CATFISH!  
A JAP SUMMERINE!  
G. GUESS I OUGHTA  
TAKE A SHOT AT IT!

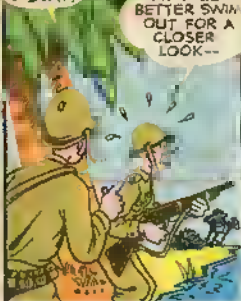


BUT THE TARGET IS  
NOT AS TREACHEROUS  
AS HAPPY THINKS





WHAT D'JA  
HIT, HAPPY?  
A JAP  
U-BOAT?



ER-WELL-  
I AIN'T SO  
SURE--  
FRANKIE--  
BETTER SWIM  
OUT FOR A  
CLOSER  
LOOK--

WELL-THIS CALLS FOR  
A LITTLE UNDERWATER  
RECONNAISSANCE!



THAT'S THE LAST I'LL  
SEE OF HAPPY. POOR  
GUY CAN'T BAIL OUTTA  
THE SEA LIKE HE COULD  
OUTTA A PLANE.



CRIPES!  
NUTHIN' BUT  
NIP CAMP STOVE!



-AND DID I JUMP INTO  
A JAM! WITH A BELLFUL  
OF BRINE 'CAUSE I OPENED  
MY KISSER AND THE JOINT  
IS CRAWLING WITH SHARKS!

OH-- OH-- THIS BABY  
MEANS BUSINESS AND  
HAD TO LEAVE MY  
BAYONET ON THE BEACH!

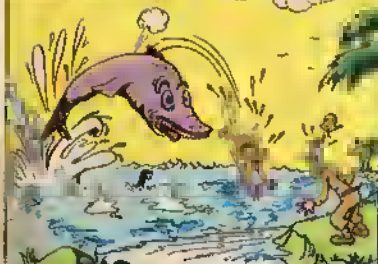


NO! I'M WRONG! THIS CRITTER  
AIN'T A MANEATER. HE'S AS  
PLAYFUL AS A KITTEN.  
GIDDYAP, SEABISCUIT!



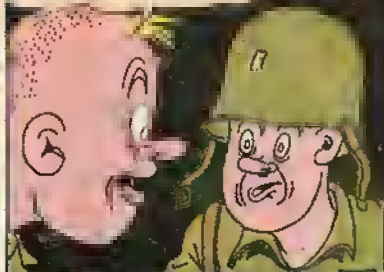
ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, FRANKIE. I'VE GOT A JOKE TO PLAY ON THE JAPS!

HEPCAT! YOU ARE SURE GOT NINE LIVES!



THOSE SHARKS ARE AS HARMLESS AS PX BEER. I'LL CORRAL A DOZEN OF 'EM IN THE LAGOON WHILE YOU GET AN ARMFUL OF STOVEPIPES!

YOU'RE ON THE BALL HAPPY. I GET THE IDE



FRANKIE CARRIES OUT HIS DETAIL IN RECORD TIME.

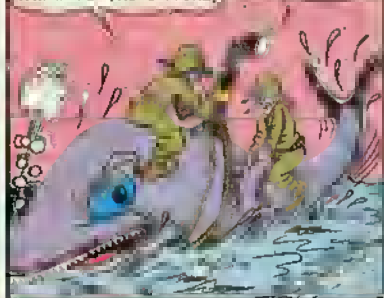
NICE GOIN' KEEB, YOU COULD SWIPE GOLD FROM UNDER A MISER'S SCHNOZZLE

GRAB YOURSELF A SHARK AND LET'S GET BUSY, HAP!



WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT, THESE CRITTERS WILL SWIM DOWN THE COAST AND GIVE THE JAPS THE JITTERS!

THINK WHAT WE COULD DO WITH A MEDIUM BOMBER, HAPPY!



AS THE SHARK SUBMARINE FLEET TURNS SEAWARD WITH THE TIDE ~

NOW TO WRANGLE COLONEL KORNE'S B-25 WITH A LOAD OF BOMBS!

YEAH, WE'VE GOTTA FOLLOW THE SHARKS TO JAP-CONTROLLED WATERS. LET'S GO!



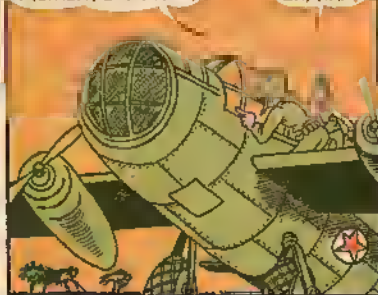
THERE'S COLONEL KORNE CRATE. WUZ YOU EVER A BOMBARDIER, FRANKIE?

NO-- BUT I WORKED ON A CHICKEN FARM, SO I KNOW HOW TO DROP EGGS!



THE COLONEL'S CREW  
LEFT THEIR SUITS  
INSIDE TO BE READY  
TO TAKE OFF AT A  
MOMENT'S NOTICE!

IT WOULDN'T  
PAY FOR US  
TO GIVE  
NOTICE--  
EH, HAP?



MY PLANET A COUPLE OF  
CRAZY G.I.'S ARE STEALING  
IT! GO UP AND FORCE  
THEM DOWN!!!



I SAID FORCE THEM  
DOWN... NOT ME  
YOU DOPES!

GANGWAY!  
SOME NUT STOLE  
THE COLONEL'S  
CRATE!



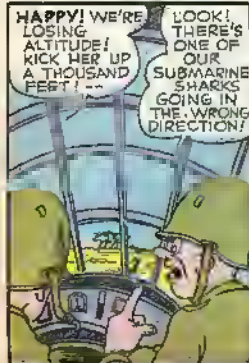
I THINK WE WUZ  
SPOTTED. SEE  
THEM GUYS  
RUNNING TOWARD  
THE FIGHTER  
PLANES, FRANKIE?

MESS SARGE  
MUST'VE BLOWN  
THE CHOW  
WHISTLE.  
DON'T WORRY!



HAPPY! WE'RE  
LOSING  
ALTITUDE!  
KICK HER UP  
A THOUSAND  
FEET!

LOOK! THERE'S  
ONE OF OUR  
SUBMARINE  
SHARKS  
GOING IN  
THE WRONG  
DIRECTION!



THAT'LL TEACH  
HIM TO RUN  
AGAINST THE  
TIDE!

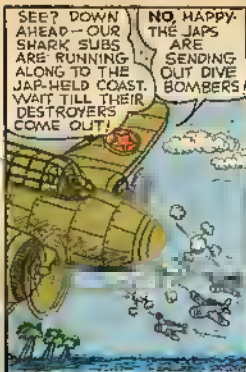
OOPS!  
ARE YOU  
RE THAT  
WUZ ONE  
OF OUR  
SHARKS--  
HAPPY?



AAIEE! LOST  
PERISCOPE!!  
CAN'T STOP  
WATER!!!

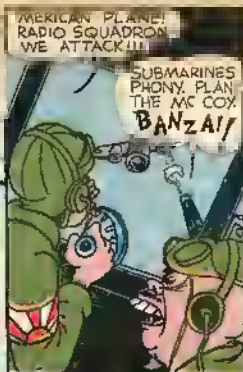
HONORABLE  
ANCESTORS--  
HERE  
WE  
COME!!!





SEE? DOWN AHEAD—OUR SHARK SUBS ARE RUNNING ALONG TO THE JAP-HELD COAST. WAIT TILL THEIR DESTROYERS COME OUT!

NO, HAPPY. THE JAPS ARE SENDING OUT DIVE BOMBERS!



AMERICAN PLANE! RADIO SQUADRON WE ATTACK!!!

SUBMARINES PHONY. PLAN THE MC COY. BANZAI!!



FRANKIE! GRAB THAT MACHINE GUN!

NUTS! I'M HOOKING A CHUTE AND YOU BRING THE RUBBER RAFT. LET'S GET OUTTA THIS RUNAWAY COFFIN!



THE BOYS WHO WERE TRAILING US ARE KNOCKING THOSE NIPS FOR THEIR LAST LOOPS!

BOY WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO US NOW, HAP?

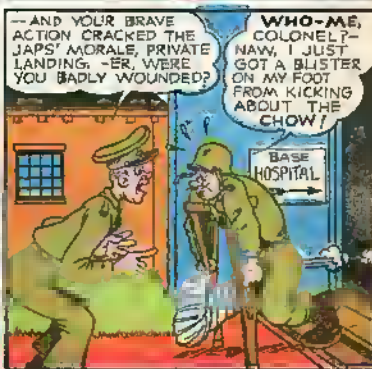


HANG ON, FRANKIE! HERE COMES A NAVY FLYING BOAT TO RESCUE US!

THEY CAN'T REACH US BEFORE THAT BOMB, SAY YOUR PRAYERS, PARTNER!



IF THOSE DUMB JERKS SURVIVE, THEY'RE MADE OF CAST IRON. WE'LL RUSH 'EM TO THE BASE HOSPITAL, ANYWAY!



--AND YOUR BRAVE ACTION CRACKED THE JAPS' MORALE, PRIVATE LANDING. --ER, WERE YOU BADLY WOUNDED?

WHO-ME, COLONEL?--NAW, I JUST GOT A BLISTER ON MY FOOT FROM KICKING ABOUT THE CHOW!



# WINNER'S STAKE

## THE KID LOST HIS BETS BUT WON IN THE END

The employment manager said: "Neme?" "Percy Perkins." The youngster's voice was pitched rather high. He added, "I would like a tough job." The employment manager squinted at him through half shut eyes.

"What's your draft status?"

"I'm 4F," replied Percy.

"I need a time clock," the employment manager suggested. "Think you can handle that?"

"I could, but I won't," the youngster retorted. "I said I want a tough job. All my friends are out fighting a war. A couple have been killed even. Several are wounded. And you think I'm going to take a job here clerking? I said I want a job that's tough, real tough. So I'll ache all over."

"You'll have to have a physical," said the employment manager. "But if you pass it, you'll get a job that you'll wish you didn't have. I give you one day and lay you odds that you won't come back."

"I haven't any money, but if you'll trust me, I'll take it, and at even money."

At seven the following morning, he was at the plant's furnace. Mike Sweeney, the stoker boss, looked down at him and blinked.

"Whaddye want, kid?" he asked. Percy didn't bat an eye.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I was told to come here and help you."

Mike stood back a step and viewed Percy with alarm. "Don't tell me!" he exclaimed. "What's your name?"

"Percy Perkins," Percy said. "What do I do? I'd like to get to work."

"You're kinde fresh," Mike said. "For a guy with a moniker like that. Suppose I give you a clout in the face!"

"I'll bat you with the shovel if you do. But anyway, you'd hold up production that way and I went to get going."

Mike grinned. He couldn't help it. "Gieb that barrow there and start heuling coal over here. Lots of it. I'll give you five to one you'll hand in your time card before noon."

"Even money," said Percy. "I already got a ber with the employment manager. I haven't got anything to put up, though. You'll have to take it on the ruff."

Percy put everything behind his straining muscles. The berrow followed the usual pattern, starting with a fast roll at the foot of the ramp. It began to lose momentum toward the middle, wobbled to a near stop and then by some sheer power of more spirit than muscle behind it, began to climb again and reached

the platform at Mike's feet, where each time it seemed to dump over by itself.

Mike laughed each time to himself—each time the berrow halted, each time it dumped. And when the noon whistle blew, Mike pulled a five from his pocket.

"Well, kid, you won," he said. "I'll make it ten to five you don't last the afternoon."

Percy drew a long breath. "Even money," he puffed. "Between you and the employment manager I'm gonna make a war bond by night."

Mike was scowling as he dug into the bituminous pile before him. The thought of losing a ten to a little squirt with the name of Percy preyed on his mind. He began to heave double loads into the furnace and the steam gauge reapt upward.

"Come on, kid," he growled.

Percy gritted his teeth and began to take the loads on the run. By two o'clock no one could recognize him. His face was black. His overalls were black. His body, bare to the waist, was coated with sweat-streaked coal dust.

Mike glanced at the gauge again and frowned. Then for a moment he had a look of grim satisfaction as he saw Percy hesitate at the foot of the ramp with terror in his eyes. Suddenly Mike realized the reason when he heard a sharp whistle. Steam! A boiler break! He looked horrified at the kid in the pit.

A deathly scream of wrenching metal as the boiler side gave way, the whistle breaking into a roar of boiling water and hissing steam. A flying piece of the boiler cracked Mike's skull.

Percy stood grimly in the path of the boiling flood and took the weight of Mike's falling body. Somehow he seemed to have figured out the use of directional force. For Mike's fell against Percy, sent the youngster sprawling onto the ramp away from the boiling torrent.

It was two weeks before Percy returned to the plant. He went to the employment manager and handed him a five and a ten.

"The ten is for Mike," he said.

"Well, thanks," said the employment manager, surprised.

"Thank you," said Percy.

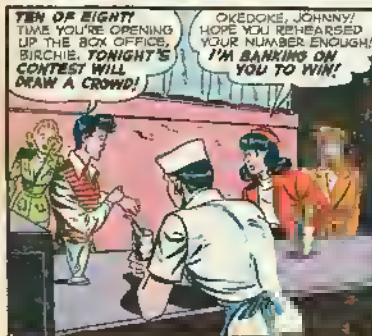
The employment manager grinned. "Hed enough, did you?"

"Yeah," Percy answered. "Enough to convince the draft board they were nuts. I'm putting the khaki on tomorrow."

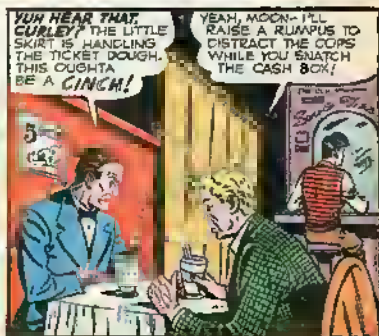
# JOHNNY ON THE SPOT



*Is Johnny Jenkins jinxed? Must be! For whenever things go wrong, Johnny's right there with his fingers in the pie and the raspberries flying at him from all sides. Little wonder is it that the kids all call him **Johnny on the Spot**. This time, the spotlight of troubling focuses a halo of harrowing menace on our young man of the hour and Johnny sees the way to escape!*



OKEDOKE, JOHNNY! HOPE YOU REHEARSED YOUR NUMBER ENOUGH! I'M BANKING ON YOU TO WIN!



YEAH, MOON—I'LL RAISE A RUMPUSS TO DISTRACT THE COPS WHILE YOU SNATCH THE CASH BOX!

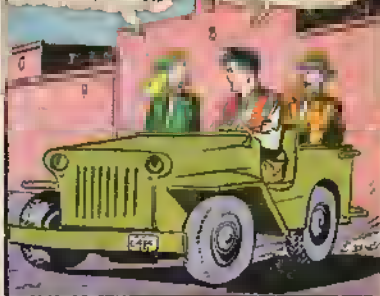
**GOOD LUCK, GANG!**  
JOHNNY'S GONNA  
TAKE **FIRST**  
PRIZE. I HOPE!

YOU DON'T HAPTA  
WORRY ABOUT HIM  
COPPIN' THE BOOBY  
POP! I'M GONNA BE  
AT THE **BOTTOM** OF  
THE HONORABLE  
MENTIONS!



**HEY, COME ON!**  
PUT SOME **POWDER**  
IN THIS **ROCKET**  
AND LET'S **ZOOM!**

HOLD YOUR HORSEPOWER  
GLORIA! SAVE YOUR  
STRENGTH FOR THE  
**BIG EVENT!**



YOU **STILL** THINK  
I'M GONNA LEAD  
A **CHEERING**  
SECTION WHEN  
YOU'RE BEFORE  
THE MIKE?  
THEY'LL THROW  
ME OUT--**AND**  
**NOT ON MY**  
**EAR, EITHER!**

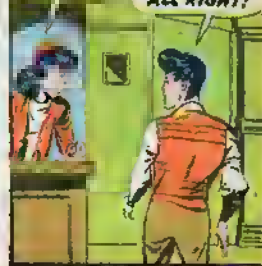
**SOMEBOOBS**  
I GOT TO  
TOUCH OFF  
THE **APPLAUSE**.  
BIRCHIE  
CAN'T SHE'LL  
BE OUT IN  
THE BOX OFFICE.

IT SORT OF  
GIVES ME  
THE CREEPS  
TO COME  
BACK TO YE  
OLDE INSTITUTE  
AT NIGHT,  
CHILLUNS!

CHIN UP..  
ROGER! NO  
ONE'S GONNA  
HAND YOU  
**HOMEWORK!**  
THE LEAST  
YOU CAN  
EXPECT IS A  
BUSHEL OF  
**RASPBERRIES!**

NOW FOR  
GOSH SAKES  
DON'T TRIP  
ON THE STAGE  
LIKE YOU DID  
IN THE SENIOR  
PLAY, JOHNNY!

AW, WILL YOU  
FORGET THAT?  
DON'T CHANGE  
ANYTHING  
LARGER THAN A  
TEN DOLLAR  
BILL. I'LL DO  
**ALL RIGHT!**



**OOOPS!**  
OH, PARDON ME,  
MRS. RIPPINGER!

OH-OH! WHY--  
YOU CARELESS  
LITTLE BRAT!



**HONEST, I**  
COULDN'T HELP  
IT! I MUST'VE  
**TRIPPED!**

MY **EVENING GOWN**  
IS RUINED! YOU'LL  
NEAR FROM THIS  
YOUNG MAN!





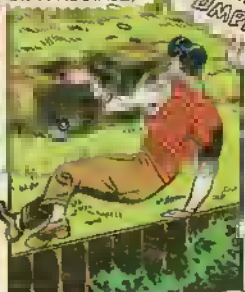




HEY-- WHAT TH--?  
WHO'S THAT? TWO  
GUYS DRAGGING  
BIRCHIE INTO A CAR!  
SHE MUST'VE HEARD  
ABOUT ME--A  
AND FAINTED!



OH--NO, SHE DIDN'T  
FAINT. THOSE GENTS  
CORPED THE COIN BOX  
AN' ARE TAKING HER  
FOR A HOSTAGE!



HELP!  
POLICE!  
STOP THESE  
BUMPY!

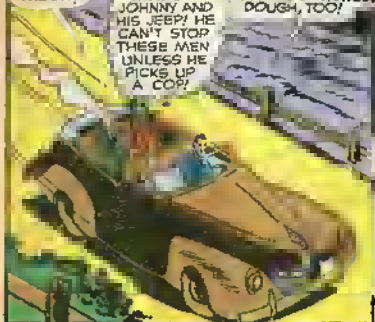
CRIPES! ROBOY!  
IN SIGHT-- AH!  
HOW'D I GONNA  
STOP 'EM BEFORE  
THEY HIT THE  
TURNPIKE?



WHAT'S OUR  
PROFIT,  
MOON?

HEAVENS!  
THAT'S  
JOHNNY AND  
HIS JEEP! HE  
CAN'T STOP  
THESE MEN  
UNLESS HE  
PICKS UP  
A COP!

IT LOOKS LIKE  
HALF A GRAND!  
ALL GOOD HONEST  
DOUGH, TOO!



WE WANT  
OUR MONEY  
BACK!

HEY! THEY  
CLOSED  
THE  
BOX OFFICE!

NOW HOLD BACK,  
FOLKS! THE  
YOUNG LADY  
AIN'T AROUND  
NOW! SHE  
TOOK A WALK  
WITH THE  
MONEY!

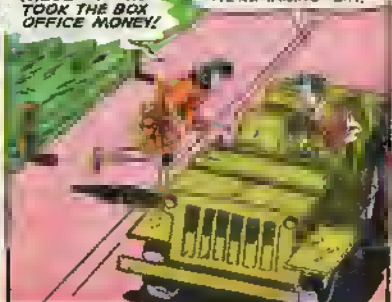


IF YUH KNOW WHAT'S  
GOOD FOR YOU, KID,  
YUH WON'T DESCRIBE  
US TO THE COPS!

TOSS OUT THAT EMPTY  
CASH BOX, TOO,  
MOON. WE CAN  
SHAKE THE GUY IN  
THE JEEP AND HEAD  
BACK FOR LOUIE'S!

STEP ON IT,  
JOHNNY!  
THESE CROOKS  
TOOK THE BOX  
OFFICE MONEY!

HOP IN, HONEY!  
WITH THE HEADLIGHTS  
OUT, THEY WON'T KNOW  
WE'RE TAILING 'EM!



THERE THEY GO--  
INTO A POOL PARLOR.  
I'M GOING AFTER 'EM!  
YOU STAY HERE!

NO--NO, JOHNNY!  
THEY'LL  
KILL YOU!

IT'S A BREAK FOR  
US THAT LOUIE  
CLOSED UP ALREADY.  
NO ONE WILL LOOK  
FOR US IN HERE!

YEAH, BUT LOUIE  
WOULD BUST MY FACE  
IF HE KNEW I HAD  
A DUPLICATE MADE  
FROM HIS KEY!

YOU WON'T  
HAVE ENOUGH  
FACE LEFT TO  
BE BUSTED--  
WHEN I'M  
THROUGH  
WITH YOU!

HEY!  
WHO'S  
THIS  
KID?

WH-OH!

YOU  
GOTTA  
NERVE  
ASKING  
WHO  
I AM!

ALL REET--  
WISE GEEP.  
THIS'LL  
KNOCK THOSE  
NAUGHTY  
NOTIONS  
OUTTA  
YOUR NOGGIN!

YOU'RE QUICK  
WITH THE  
STICK, CHICK!  
PHONE THE  
GENDARMES  
WHILE I  
HOGTIE  
THESE  
HOMBRES!



In less than five minutes--

HEY KIDS? WHAT  
COOKS IN  
LOUIE'S JOINT?

A COUPLE OF  
CUSTOMERS FOR  
COUNTY CLINK!  
WE'RE MAKING A  
RUN BACK TO  
THE LITTLE RED  
SCHOOLHOUSE!

ENJOY YOUR BLUES  
EVERYBODY! WE  
RECOVERED THE  
CASH AND CAUGHT  
THE CULPRITS!  
WHO WON THE  
CROONER  
CONTEST?

JOHNNY  
WASN'T  
HERE, SO  
I DID--  
DARN IT--  
WITHOUT  
CAUSING ONE  
SOUL TO  
SWOON!

THAT'S  
OKEDOKE,  
OLE BLOKE!  
WHEN I'M ON  
A SPOT,  
THINGS LIKE  
THAT WILL  
HAPPEN!



# MURDER MIX-UP

## POISON WORKED BETTER THAN VOODOO

Randall Stevens came out of the skirting woods in the Alabama Red Hills and walked slowly in the deep twilight of the evening toward the rustic cabin of his uncle, Sam Welter. He hesitated as he thought he saw the figure of a youth upright and flat against the wall of the building. He watched earnestly. The figure moved in the shadows and stopped when he had reached the center of the cabin wall.

He said to himself: "It's the Cajan boy, Ben Weaver."

He saw something in the youth's hand. It looked like a white cloth sack and he saw the boy kneel down and bury it in the earth beneath the cabin's wall. Stevens pursed his lips and his hand stole gingerly to the small paper packet in his pocket. The Cajan boy turned and lost himself quietly in the gathering shadows. Stevens narrowed his eyes in a cold steely glare ahead and plowed through the knee-high grass, making tracks toward the cabin door.

Inside, he found Sam Welter reading by the flicketing light of an oil lamp. Welter set down his book as Stevens entered.

"Hello, Uncle Sam," said Stevens. "Have you made supper?"

The older man shifted his bulk. "Waiting for you," he said.

"Stay there," said Stevens. "I'll pour a couple of shots before supper." He went to the cupboard and took out two jiggers and a bottle of Scotch whiskey, half full.

Stevens watched his uncle down his drink and stood boldly and impetuously watching his convulsed breathing, his gasping, the avid leer in his face.

"You devil—poison!"

"We made a deal, Uncle. Remember?" Stevens's hard eyes never flinched. "I was to buy the ridge from Lyle Sellers, which I did. You were to turn it over to Great Southern Railway for a branch line. Which you said you couldn't do."

Welter gasped his throat and opened his mouth, but no words came forth. Stevens stood, holding his untoured liquor in his hand.

"I found out in town you did make a deal. I saw Ben Weaver burying the dough outside the cabin. So it puts me nicely in the clear. The Cajan murders you and steals your money. The sheriff and I will even watch the youngster come back to get it."

Stevens walked out into the woods and

when he returned he was surprised to find Ben Weaver, the Cajan youngster, walking around the cabin with Mike Shade, the deputy from the sheriff's office. He went to meet them.

"Better get ready for a shock, Stevens," Shade said. He led the way inside and turned up the lamp that was still burning beside the bunk. Its rays fell on the pain-twisted face of the dead Sam Welter.

"Ben says he done it," Shade explained. "I just come up from town with him."

"But why?" Stevens blurted.

"Go on and tell, Ben," Shade ordered.

"I had a right fine hound that I use fer 'coon huntin'," Weaver explained. "Mister Welter jest borrowed that dog so' nohow he won't get it back to me."

"The hound got away," said Stevens suavely. "But I think I know the real reason for the murder. He heard Uncle Sam had collected some money from the Great Southern. Bet if you look around you won't find it here?"

"I'll vouch it wasn't that," said Shane. And he eyed Randall Stevens quizzically. "But how did you know about the deal?" he asked at last.

"I was Uncle Sam Welter's partner. Shouldn't I know?"

Shane didn't answer, but as Stevens edged slowly across the room toward the fireplace, Shane followed him. When Stevens drew his hand from his pocket, Shane grabbed it.

Stevens yanked his hand back, but Shane had the small paper packet.

Stevens reached below his coat, but Shane sent a right straight to the jaw that sent Stevens down in a heap. Stevens rose, but Shane held his gun level then.

"You're barking in the dark," Stevens snarled.

"Oh, no," said Shane. "The sheriff himself has that money. Your uncle left it with him, was gonna surprise you with the gift of it to get you started in business. But you were too smart to let him. And this paper with grains of strychnine in it will hang you after the medical men get through."

Ben Weaver gulped. "You-all mean to say it wasn't me who killed Ole Sam Welter?" he shrieked angrily. "You-all kin think so if you want, but you can't tell me I didn't hex him when I buried that sack of charred bones under the house sill beneath the head of his bed!"



# PUNCH and CUTEY



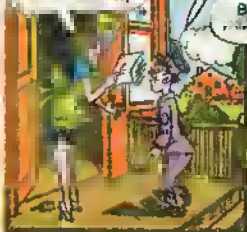
OH! THIS IS WONDERFUL AND AWFUL AT THE SAME TIME! BUT IF I CAN'T FIND PUNCH BEFORE MIDNIGHT, I SWEAR I'M GONNA QUIT AS HIS MANAGER!

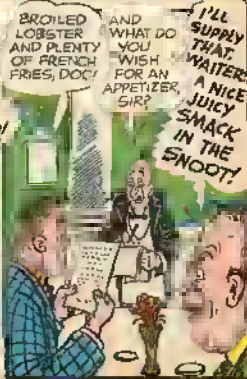
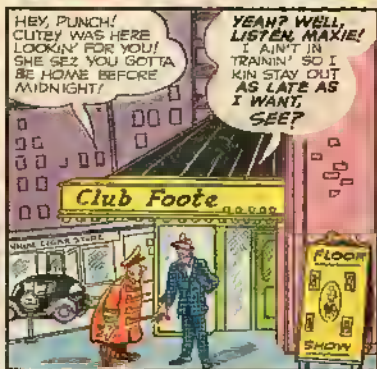
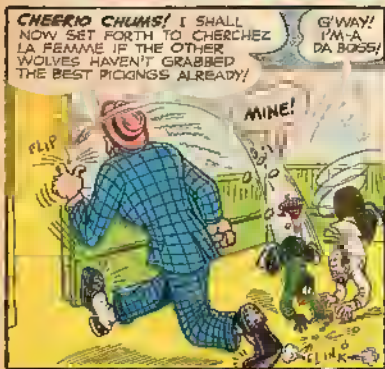
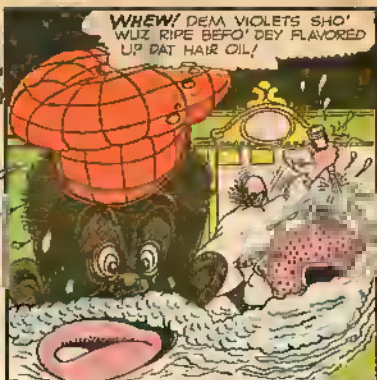
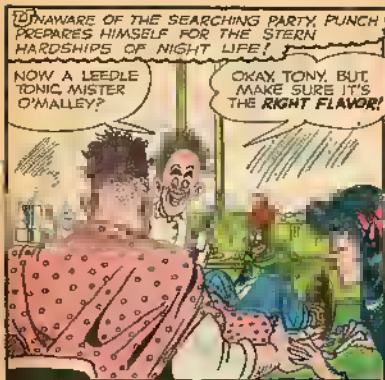
GEE, CUTEY! PUNCH IS MY FAVORITE FIGHTER! AIN'T THERE ANYWAY I KIN HELP?

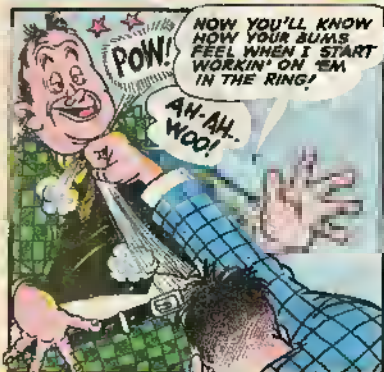
YOU'RE ON, NICKY! PAGE MY BROTHER IN EVERY POOL ROOM, BARBERSHOP, AND NIGHT CLUB IN TOWN! FIFTY SHACKEROOS IF YOU DRAG HIM TO JAKE MICHAEL'S JOINT BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

HALF A C NOTE? SHAKE, CUTEY! I'LL DIG HIM UP!

I'M GOIN' IN FOR A BIT OF SPADE WORK MYSELF! PUNCH NEEDS SOME FOLDING MONEY, AND JAKE HAS GOT TO SIGN HIM BEFORE MIDNIGHT!









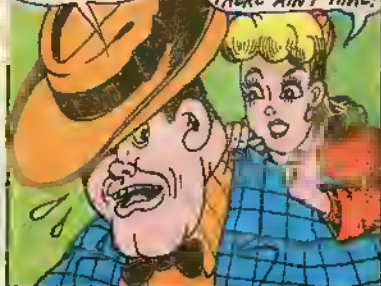
AND JUST WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE DOING, MISTER O'MALLEY?

WHY, UH, THAT IS-- ER, I HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT!



HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHERE YUH TAKIN' ME?

I OUGHTA TAKE YUH TO A PSYCHIATRIST TO HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED, BUT THERE AIN'T TIME!



AN HOUR LATER, PUNCH MEETS AN OLD FRIEND AT THE FIGHT PROMOTER'S OFFICE

NOW, COME ON BOYS! LET BYGONES BE BYGONES AND SIGN THE CONTRACT FOR A TEN-ROUND BOUT!

MIKE JAKE! PUNCH AIN'T IN A CLASS WITH MY MAN SUGAR KANE WILL PIN HIS EARS TO THE CANVAS IN THE FIRST AND!

YEAH? I DON'T NEED A CRADLE TO ROCK SUGAR TO SLEEP!

GO AHEAD, PUNCH! SIGN AND YOU'LL MAKE BEEFSTEAK LOOK LIKE A PIKER!

OKAY-- SLICK CHICK! I'LL SIGN YOUR BRUDDER'S DEATH WARRANT BUT YOU ASKED FOR IT, REMEMBER!

NEXT EVENING, PUNCH STARTS A RIGOROUS TRAINING SCHEDULE WITH KNIFE AND FORK!

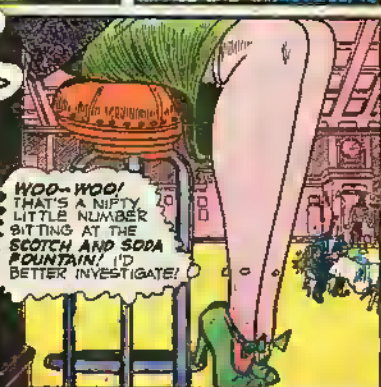
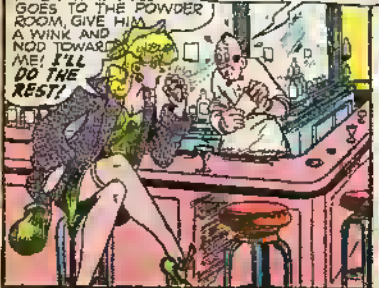
PUNCHIE DARLING! DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN BEAT SUGAR KANE?

IT'S IN THE BAG, BABY! PUT YOUR BANKROLL ON ME AND YOU'LL BE IN THE CHIPS!



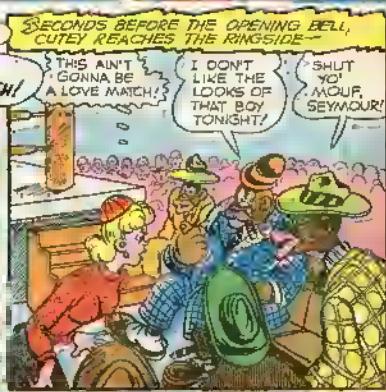
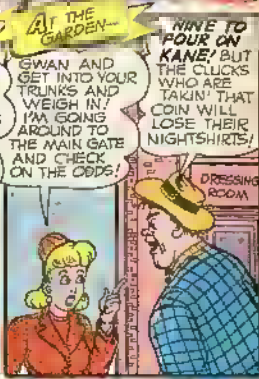
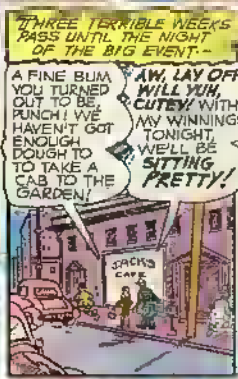
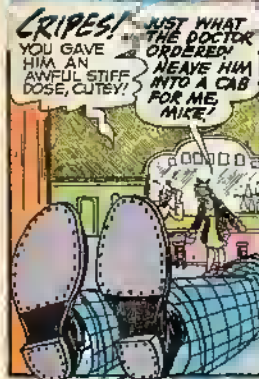
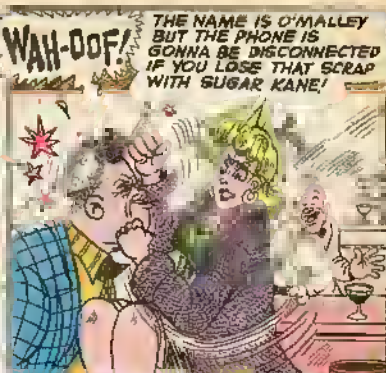
GEE, I DIN'T RECOGNIZE YUH ALL DOLLED UP CUTIE! HEY-- WHAT'S THE BRASS KNUCKLES?

YEAH, MIKE. PUNCH WON'T KNOW ME WITH MY BACK TURNED WHEN THAT DOLL GOES TO THE POWDER ROOM. GIVE HIM A WINK AND A NOD TOWARD ME! I'LL DO THE REST!



WOO--WOO! THAT'S A NIFTY LITTLE NUMBER SITTING AT THE SCOTCH AND SODA FOUNTAIN! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!





# ROUND ONE--

OOOF! WHAT D'YUH THINK YOU'RE PLAYIN' PUSS IN THE CORNER?

WATCH OUT FO' YOUR OWN PUSS, PUNCH-- LESS YOU ALL WANNA BE PLAYING DEAD!

WOOF! UH!!

THE OLD LEAD PIPE WILL TAP YOUR RESOURCES, BOY!

I'LL BET THAT BELL WAS SWEET MUSIC TO YOUR EARS, KIDDO! NOW, GO BACK IN THERE AND FIGHT!

YEAH-- BEEFSTEAKS MEAL TICKET IS OUT FOR NO GOOD! I'D BETTER GO TO WORK!

# ROUND TWO--

YOU'VE GIVEN ME A SOUR DISPOSITION, SUGAR! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

DON'T GIT MAD, PUNCH! AH AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR IT!

OKAY, BROTHER KANE! I'LL PUT YOU IN THE MOOD FOR AN INNERSPRING MATTRESS!

YOU COPPED THE WINNER'S PURSE! PUNCH! WERE IN THE CHIPS AGAIN!

YEAH, BUT LISSEN TO THE HOOTS FROM THAT CROWD! I'LL NEED A POLKE ESCORT TO THE DRESSING ROOM!

BEEFSTEAK TOL' US YOU WUZZ A PUSHOVER!

WHERE IS DAT BEEFSTEAK? WE WERE ROBBED!

AW, DON'T GET SORE, FELLAS! I COULD USE A BEEFSTEAK, TOO-- ON MY EYE!

EIGHT--NINE--TEN!



# New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshots, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative

to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life. Just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having their small objects or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and plates for enlarging. Thousands write to know much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and set our new bargain after giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second set of beautiful hand tinted in natural tints of colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1261, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1261, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name ..... Color of Hair .....

Address ..... Color of Eyes .....

City ..... State .....

## Given

### Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.



**POWERFUL TELESCOPE GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.**

**CAMERA**  
Candid type.  
GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.

## Birthstone RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

### 6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 pieces GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

### SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated. GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

### BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

### HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

### WALKY-TALKY

Give hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

### FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pen and pencil. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

**SEND TODAY**

### LEATHER BILFOLD

Full sized leather bifold. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

**Send No Money Now.** Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, cellars, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25¢ each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with every first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Keep orders bring cash or money gifts.

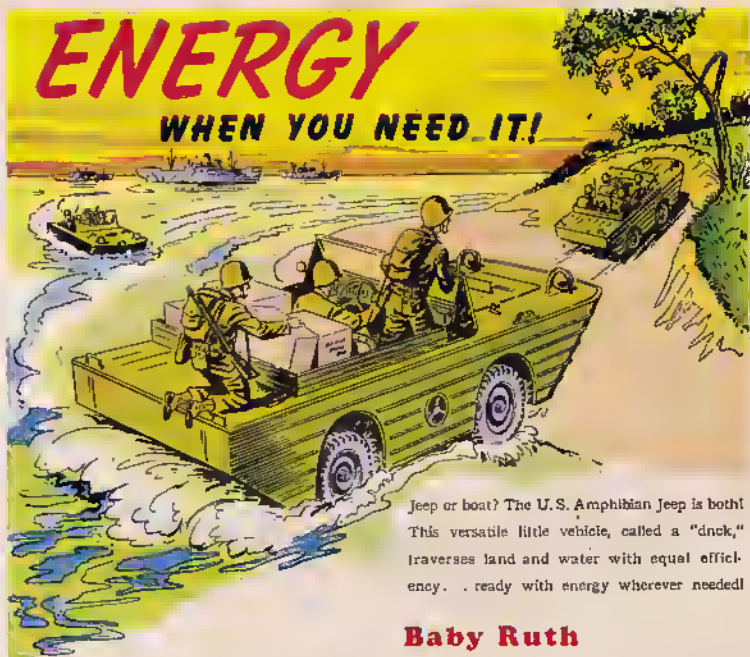
**GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-466, Jefferson, Iowa**

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....  
State .....  
Giv. Wanted .....



# ENERGY

## WHEN YOU NEED IT!



Jeep or boat? The U.S. Amphibian Jeep is both! This versatile little vehicle, called a "dnck," traverses land and water with equal efficiency. . . ready with energy wherever needed!

### Baby Ruth

#### HELPS REPLENISH NEEDED ENERGY

When our body motor runs low and fatigue sets in, Baby Ruth Candy is ideal "perk-up" fuel... its food-energy helps to carry a job through to the finish! Baby Ruth has followed through from civilian life to Front Lines. To our fighters everywhere, Baby Ruth is bringing dextrose-rich nourishment... refreshing goodness... good cheer. Remember this, please, if you must ask again tomorrow for the Baby Ruth you would have enjoyed today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS



Gummin... Baby Ruth lookies are delicious... easy-to-make!

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

If you cannot find Baby Ruth on the candy counter, remember Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with gun.



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

